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And finally he locates in the front of the brain the grand power, attention. The faculty of "inhibition" or power to stop a revived sensor or motor train is the fundamental element of attention and control of ideation. By this he commands all past sensations and movements, sights, sounds, emotions, events, and thus makes life's history the source of personal experiences. Attention, therefore, gives the storehouse of thinking, imagining, picturing, and just as there are centres of sense and of motion in the middle and interior lobes of the cerebrum, so there may be and ought to be definite tracks and centres in the front brain for special thinking and feeling, for the poet, artist, philosopher, and scientific man. Still let us say that Ferrier has the good sense to admit that the brain is not consciousness, nor is feeling, as Taine would say, the inner side of motion, nor is a motor centre of thought thought itself. We feared that, true to the degrading materialistic influences of the hour, his theory might lead him so far as to hint that possibly the brain could secrete the infinite and a lobe secrete religion or a truth of Christianity. But he is too wise for this. Though physiology has encroached a little on the province of the mind, it is still refreshing to think that if we were cannibals and ate human brain, we should never devour the source of the Godhead of will, the moral law and conscious spirit, — spirit, which rides above all matter, which is its sole source, and which alone allows us to formulate its laws.

3. — *Correspondance de H. DE BALZAC, 1819-1850.* Paris : Calmann Lévy. 1877. 2 vols. 16mo.

HITHERTO our means of knowing about Balzac have been very meagre, especially in view of the fact that he died at the height of his fame, while yet a middle-aged man, less than thirty years ago. Here was one of the greatest of the French writers of the present century about whose life we knew hardly more than a few anecdotes, which rather aroused than satisfied curiosity, showing as they did what a mere glance at the book-shelf would tell us, how ardent and enthusiastic a worker he was, and, moreover, how completely he lived in a world of the imagination. His correspondence, however, which has just been published, throws a great deal of light on the circumstances of his career, admitting us into his confidence with regard to his hopes and disappointments in the most unreserved way. It is sometimes said by the cynical that every great man nowadays writes his letters to the address of posterity; but this would be by no means true of Balzac, for it is easy to see that there was no such intention lurking in his mind when

he scratched off the hasty letters which make up the best part of these two volumes. The greater number were written on business matters, — about his debts, his plans, his books, — for there has seldom lived a man more engrossed in his work than he. He had almost no amusement in his life. At times, compelled by his physician's urgent orders, he laid aside his pen and gave himself up to complete, apathetic rest ; but these occasions were rare ; in general he was working harder than a galley-slave, reading but little, caring less for what was going on around him, except occasionally for politics, and making literature an occupation as severe as stone-breaking. His letters are full of nothing but the most sordid anxieties ; they are really painful reading ; there is almost no interruption of their monotonous expression of hope and consequent disappointment.

He came to Paris when about twenty years old to devote himself to literature. It is evident that his family hardly favored this design, his parents much preferring to establish him in some more surely lucrative occupation, and it was intended that this stay in the metropolis should be an experiment until he had either utterly failed or had achieved some success. It was given out that he was making a visit elsewhere, so that if he were disappointed the mortification should be less. To avoid being seen in Paris by any acquaintance not in the secret, he was obliged to stay in his room during the daytime, and to creep out only after night-fall. But this plan did not disturb him ; he plunged into work, and his early letters to his sister, afterwards Madame Surville, are full of his literary plans, especially about the construction of a play called "Cromwell," which never saw the light. As time went on his enthusiasm increased, one novel followed another from his pen, and although he was not sunk in the misfortunes of the last twenty years of his life, he seems to have made but a very small sum of money. He was himself dissatisfied with this early work, but, conscious of his genius, he toiled on and endeavored to make a fortune by speculation, by editing a series of French classics, by publishing, and making type. All of these plans failed, each one swallowing more capital, so that in 1827 everything had gone by the board, and all the rest of his life he was the prey of usurers and creditors, forever struggling against a mighty and mysterious load of debt. The more money he earned the more it seemed he had to pay. He would shut himself up and work sometimes eighteen hours a day for weeks at a time. He wrote from Aix, in 1832 : "I rouse myself without pity at five in the morning and work in front of my window until half past five in the evening." And from Paris, in February, 1833, "I go to bed at six or seven in the evening like the hens ; I am awakened at one o'clock in the morning, and I work until

eight ; at eight I sleep again for an hour and a half ; then I take a slight repast, a cup of pure coffee, and get into my harness until four ; and then I see my friends, I take a bath or go out, and after dinner I go to bed. I shall have to lead this life for some months in order to keep my head above water." In 1834 he hoped to be free from debt in a few months. He speaks of owing still fourteen thousand francs, — no enormous sum, certainly, — but two years later fresh misfortunes overtook him, and in 1845 he wrote : "Pity me ; I work sixteen hours a day, and I still owe more than a hundred thousand francs, and I am forty-five years old ! *Voilà une triste chose.*" He formed wild schemes to free himself from this heavy load, at one time going to Sardinia to get the silver left in the scorïæ at the edges of the mines since the Romans worked them ; but the plan of course failed utterly.

Almost the only consolation he had in the last eighteen years of his harassed life was his affection for Madame Hanska, a wealthy Russian lady, who married him at last in March, 1850, a few months before his death, when he was already completely broken down by years of overwork. His letters to her, like all the others, are full of the particulars of his business troubles, but they show, of course, a side of his character which did not find full expression elsewhere. It would not be easy to make out from Balzac's novels what sort of a man he was ; certain qualities that he had are, to be sure, prominent in his writings, — his immense vitality, and his wonderful passion for material things ; but in his letters we see, besides, more simplicity than the reader of his tales, brought into contact with every variety of wrong-doing, would expect to find. He was very sensitive to many uncomplicated pleasures and always had a genuine love for the province, for Touraine where he was born, and many of his letters contain expressions of his longing for a quiet family life. "Touraine," he writes in one of his letters, "seems to me like a *pâté de foie gras*, which rises up to one's chin, and its delicious wine, instead of intoxicating, stupefies and beatifies one." He was full of affection for his sister, and very kind to his mother, although she frequently tormented him by treating him as if he were a child. As has been said, his letters to Madame Hanska are, in a way, the most interesting of the collection. They are fuller and less concerned with business than the others, and in them he speaks more at length regarding his emotions and interests. The following passage throws some light on one side of his character : "You ask me how it happens that I, knowing everything (as you are good enough to say), familiar with everything, observing and penetrating everything, should sometimes be duped and deceived. Alas ! would you care for me if I were never the dupe of anything, if I were so cautious and so keen an observer that no

mischance ever came near me? But setting aside the question of the heart, I will tell you the secret of this apparent contradiction. When a man becomes so good a whist-player that he knows when the fifth card is played where all the others are, do you think he does not like to lay aside his science to see how the game will go by the laws of chance? . . . But if you do not admit this explanation, there is another which you will appreciate better. When night and day my faculties and my strength are racked to invent, to write, to represent, to draw, to remember; when I am obliged with a slow and painful, often wounded, wing to soar over the moral fields of literary production, how can I be at the same time on the level ground of facts? When Napoleon was at Essling he was not in Spain. In order not to be deceived in life, in love, in friendship, in business, in all sorts of relations, one must give one's whole attention to them, one must be purely and simply a business man, a man of the world. Certainly I see that I am deceived and that I shall be deceived, that this or that man is betraying or will betray me, or that he will make away with some of my wool, but at the moment when I conjecture or suspect or know it, I am obliged to plunge into something else; I see it when I am driven by the necessity of the moment, by some imperative task, by some work which would fail utterly if I did not complete it. I often finish a hut by the light of my burning houses. I have neither friends nor servants; every one abandons me, I know not why, or rather I know why too well, because no one cares for nor has use for a man who works night and day, who does not waste himself for their advantage, who stays at home, whom one has to go to see, and whose power will not come, if it ever comes, before twenty years, because this man has the personality of his works, and all personality is odious when unaccompanied by power." This letter, it is singular to note, was written just before he started for Sardinia on the expedition above mentioned.

The many letters which were written about his work never treat of its literary side, but only of its relation to the business matters which were forever pursuing him. This is their most marked peculiarity. He planned his novels beforehand, and attacked them with the utmost vigor. Thus he writes, in November, 1837, "I want *César Birotteau* (bought by a newspaper for twenty thousand francs) to be finished by the 10th of December; I must spend twenty-five nights, and began this morning"; in June, 1836, "In all probability I shall have finished *Les Illusions perdues* by Saturday next"; and in both cases he goes on to announce the disposition of the money he is to get from them. Scores of just such instances could be quoted from the two volumes of his correspondence. He seems never to have regarded his work except as so

much merchandise to be carried to the highest market and sold on the best terms. The depressing circumstances of his life made this natural enough, for he was always poor and always longing for wealth, and a man who worked so hard at writing novels would surely seek recreation in something else than writing letters; but the fact yet remains that here was one of the greatest men of modern times — for even those who dislike him must acknowledge his greatness — who regarded literature very much as a brickmaker must regard brickmaking. It was a trade, an occupation which made him more than a manual slave. Is it surprising that, driven as he was by sordid cares, he should have filled so many of his novels with the expression of what was his constant day-dream, a life of solid material ease? Money was the elusive aim of his whole industry, money and fame; in time he felt sure of fame, but sanguine as he was he learned how hard for him was the acquisition of wealth. It is painful to read of his severe necessities, and it is sad to see how they corroded his whole nature; but the story is a very interesting one, and it is nowhere better told than in these two volumes.

4. — *Religion and the State, or the Bible and the Public Schools.* By SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D. D. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. 1876. 12mo. pp. 393.

MR. BLAINE'S amendment to the Constitution of the United States, introduced by him into the House of Representatives in 1875, contains the enactment that "no State shall make any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; and no money raised by taxation in any State for the support of public schools, or derived from any fund therefor, shall ever be under the control of any religious sect; nor shall any money so raised ever be divided between religious sects or denominations." In the same year the President recommended to Congress a constitutional amendment, "making it the duty of each of the several States to establish and forever maintain free public schools," and "forbidding the teaching in said schools of religious tenets, and prohibiting the granting of any school funds or school taxes, or any part thereof, either by legislative, municipal, or other authority, for the benefit or in aid, directly or indirectly, of any religious sect or denomination, or in aid or for the benefit of any other object, of any nature or kind whatever."

The proposal of these constitutional amendments has revived the public attention to the subject, and led Dr. Spear to put out his book. It is the work of an able man. The writer knows what he means to say, and how to say it with clearness and vigor, — indeed, with remarkable